Pain Is (Not) Funny
By Yu May and Anonymous

Synopsis: Unlike her two younger sisters, Pauline has never been spanked, despite her diva attitude. Despite the rift this has created, Pauline secretly wishes that her parents had actually spanked her growing up, and suspects that she's forever missed her chance to get a real spanking. One Spring Break, she decides to test that theory.

[Note: this story is a commission for anonymous. Anonymous was inspired by the NSFW comic "Allison the Little Gamer Girl" by Lewdua. Though the comic inspired the initial concept, the characters and scenario were created by Anonymous for this story.]

Pauline Wunder was thoroughly spoiled. This wasn't entirely her fault, nor entirely her parents fault. It was just that Pauline had been such a perfectly behaved child growing up, her parents had never once needed to spank her.

It wasn't even that they were vehemently against spanking. Pauline's younger sisters, Liz and Annie, earned plenty of trips over Mommy's knee. But Mr. and Mrs. Wunder decided that, once their girls reached age 11, they were starting to get too old for spanking. And Pauline only started to act like a diva when she turned 13-years-old…much too old for a spanking. Well, perhaps not in Mrs. Wunder's opinion, but Mr. Wunder insisted that it wouldn't be fair to start spanking Pauline this late, after they'd already agreed her younger sisters were already getting too old for a spanking.

So Pauline's bottom remained completely and thoroughly unspanked throughout her high school career.

After Mom had passed away, Dad had been forced to take on all her responsibilities, including being the disciplinarian. But, in honor of his late wife, Mr. Wunder continued to enforce the house rule that, by age 13, Liz and Annie were too old for spanking (though Liz managed to earn one last spanking the week before her 13th birthday). And no matter how many times Liz and Annie complained that life just wasn't fair, and demanded to know why Pauline never got spankings when she acted out, Dad always insisted, "When you're her age, you'll be too old for a spanking too. That's fair."

This little injustice of life became a sore spot for the three sisters, particularly when the two younger sisters were feeling sore-bottomed themselves.

Time passed. By age 21, Pauline was completing a Bachelor's degree in interior design, in between partying. At 19, Liz had graduated from high school as valedictorian, and was taking a year off to find herself before college. Meanwhile, 18-year-old Annie was wrapping up her senior year, and spent most of her time volunteering to work on set and props for the Theater Club, just to avoid the spotlight.

Things might have gone on, unchanged, forever, but one fateful day, Pauline arrived home for spring break.

As Pauline rested her raven-haired head on the couch, playing her Nintendo Switch, Liz and Annie were hauling cardboard donation boxes to the garage. Liz poked her head from behind a stack of three boxes, her face blazing red to complement her auburn hair. “Ya know, Pauline, you could help us, if you wanted to!”

Pauline pulled her Tootsie Pop out of her mouth, holding it casually like a cigarette. “Thanks for the memo, Lizzie. I’ll let you know when I want to.”

Annie struggled to lift one box, her blond pigtails flopping as she nearly lost her balance. “Um, we’d really appreciate some help, Pauline…er, if that’s okay…you don’t have to, if you don’t want to.”

“Well, if I don’t have to…” With a smirk, Pauline popped her lollipop back into her mouth.

Liz scowled. “Ugh! Never mind her, Annie. Princess Pauline is far too busy with her Mario games to bother with tending to the poor.”

Pauline bit her lollipop, perfecting the illusion she was non-chalantly smoking a cigarette. “Pauline isn’t a Princess. You’re thinking of Princess Peach.”

Liz took a sharp breath, then disappeared into the garage with her boxes, grumbling. “I don’t know who any of those are, and I don’t want to.”

Annie’s scrawny arms trembled as she tried to haul her singular box, looking like an adorable version of Sisyphus. “Uh…Pauline…maybe…I could really use a little help? Please?”

Pauline thumbed up the volume on her Nintendo, drowning out Annie’s squeaks of discomfort as she struggled with her burden. “Look, if that’s what you two want to do with your spring break, good for you. But I use my spring break to relax.”

Liz reappeared from the garage, striding back to the pile of boxes in a huff. “Yeah, well you know who else is on spring break? Annie! And look at her, she’s helping! Isn’t that nice? Actually doing something, for someone other than yourself?”

Annie struggled to lift her box a whole inch to rest it on the living room table, only to discover this was beyond her limited strength. “Ah…help?”

Liz barked as she scooped up another three boxes and marched back to the garage. “Exactly! It only takes a few minutes out of your day to help those less fortunate! Would it kill you to carry a couple boxes?”

At the moment, it looked like it was killing Annie to carry one box, but Pauline and Liz were too absorbed in their argument to notice.

Pauline sniffed. “Would it kill you to say please?"

Annie tried to lower the box she was carrying to the ground, only for her lower back to make a dangerous popping sound. “Oh dear! Um…help me, *please?*”

Pauline nodded absent-mindedly, as something exploded in the midst of her video game. “Yeah, like that! You know, Lizzie, if you want my help, rather than trying to guilt trip me into it, why not try asking politely?”

Liz glanced over her shoulder to glower at Pauline, before disappearing into the garage. “Oh, please! You’re just going to say, ‘No, thank you!’ in that teasing, prissy little voice of yours!”

“Hmm, that didn’t sound like a very polite way to ask for my help.”

Annie started to wobble backwards, near tipping over. “Eek! Please, please, please! Someone *help me* with this box!”

Pauline shook her head. “I know sarcasm when I hear it, Annie.”

There was a rough thump as Liz deposited her boxes and stormed back into the house, making a beeline toward the couch to face Pauline. “All right, let’s test my theory. You want me to ask you politely?”

Liz stood to attention and folded her hands primly in front of her. “Pauline, it would mean the world to me if you would help us load the truck. Please, won’t you help us out?”

There was not a hint of sarcasm in Liz’s voice.

Pauline hummed, then pulled her sucker out with a pop. “Hmm…No, thank you.”

Annie collapsed under the weight of her box. The top popped open, spilling old shoes and shorts onto her face. Liz nearly dove over the couch to come to Annie’s rescue. “Shoot! Annie? Are you safe?”

Pauline glanced over the edge of the couch, and did her best impression of a baseball umpire. “Nope! Yer out!”

As she lifted the cardboard box off of Annie’s chest, Liz rolled her eyes. “Not helping, Pauline. Why don’t you–”

At that moment, the bottom of the box broke, spilling the rest of the used clothing right onto Annie, whose shrill cry of despair was quickly muffled.

As she spat out a pair of old cargo shorts, Annie sat up, her eyes blazing. “Why don’t you just *shut up* with your mean jokes? You know what *I got* for teasing when I was a little kid? A good spanking! And maybe that’s what you need!”

Looking guilty-faced, Pauline pulled her sucker out. “I was just trying to lighten the mood.”

Annie nearly tripped on the spilled clothing, before Lizzie caught her. As Annie finally found her footing, her face turned beet red, and her eyes shone. “It’s not funny! That *hurt!* Do you think my pain is funny?”

Pauline kissed her lollipop. “Pain is always funny, as long it doesn’t happen to me.”

Annie burst into tears and ran into the garage, gently closing the door behind her.

Liz groaned. “...Great work, Pauline. Really feeling the family love this spring break.”

Pauline blinked. “I didn’t expect her to take it so–”

“Yeah, yeah. It’s never your fault. Just play your game. I’ll talk to Annie.”

Glancing down at her Nintendo Switch, Pauline finally paused her game. “I’ll talk to her. I’ll just tell her I’m sorry and–”

Liz shook her head, standing like a tall, skinny sentinel between Pauline and the garage door. “No. Give her some space, Pauline. I know Annie. Once she’s had a good cry, she’ll want to finish dropping off the donations to the city mission. Maybe by the time we’re home, she’ll be ready to hear an apology from you.”

“Oh, so you can talk to her, but I can’t? Why don’t *you* just give her some space?”

Liz pinched the bridge of her nose, and exhaled. “You wouldn’t get it…whenever Annie got spanked by Mom, she always came running to cry on my shoulder…because I knew what it felt like to get spanked too. You never got spanked.”

Pauline swallowed a lump in her throat. “That…that wasn’t my fault! Mom and Dad said I was too old for a spanking by then!”

Liz shrugged. “Yeah, that part’s not your fault. But you teasing Annie about her spankings sure didn’t help. So now, she doesn’t come running to you when she feels like having a good cry. You reap what you sow.”

Pauline tried to look Liz in the eye, and finally hung her head. Liz disappeared into the garage to attempt to console an inconsolable Annie. Pauline scooped her Nintendo Switch up from the couch, and stomped into the kitchen.

After Pauline realized she'd hopelessly lost her game by now, she pulled out her smartphone, pouting. As she browsed one of her favorite adult fanfiction sites, she tried to lose herself in a bondage and discipline story. It was the usual sort of nonsense she loved to read: a spoiled young woman, spanked by her father, or by her teacher, or by her husband. Always the same few comforting plots. Pauline had never been spanked, but as long as she could remember, the idea of spanking was always seemed…aluring. It seemed everyone she knew either had deep-seated trauma about being spanked, or else a deep sense of gratitude, even a nostalgia for it. But either way, the memory of being spanked was always keenly ingrained.

She'd felt the fear of witnessing her sister's spankings, wondering if she was next, only for her to safely, and finally, reach the age where she was officially, "Too old for a spanking." She remembered the relief she felt on her 13th birthday, the age that her parents had definitively declared to be the cutoff. But it had also been a bittersweet day. Since then, Pauline had felt like her burning question would forever go unanswered: "What does it feel like, to get a real spanking?"

She'd started looking up spanking art, and fan fictions, as soon as she gained unmonitored access to the internet, when she was given her smart phone at age 16. Sometimes, as she read the detailed descriptions in story after story, she was almost sure she knew what getting a spanking must feel like. But as she found stories which made spanking seem like either the most horrible thing in the world, or the most wonderful, Pauline was forced to admit that she really had no clue.

Pauline dimly noticed as Liz and Annie drove away in the truck, and made up her mind to apologize to Annie properly, later. Then the door opened, and her Dad, Mr. Wunder, walked in. "Hello, Polly."

Instinctively, Pauline closed the NSFW spanking story she was reading, and pulled out her Nintendo Switch. "Hey, Daddy."

"Put the game away, Pauline. We need to talk."

Pauline groaned. Of course, either Liz or Annie snitched on her. "What about?"

"Annie texted me about the argument. I'd like to hear your side of the story."

"What's there to tell? I was minding my own business, and Liz started badgering me. You know her, Miss Congeniality."

“I’m not saying who's at fault. But wisecracks aren’t going to help. I’d like all of us to try and be civil to one another. I don’t want every family gathering to be another world war, forever.”

“Well what am I supposed to do? Liz and Annie always gang up on me. They don’t want me in their clique, and that’s fine with me.”

Dad shook his head. “I don’t believe that. You were an angel to them…before…”

“Before *what*, Dad? Before I magically turned into the black sheep?”

“I never think of you as the black sheep, Polly. We all changed when Mom died. It was rough. But we got through those years together. I just don’t want you and your sisters…hurting one another. What happens when I’m gone?”

Pauline snorted. “I’ll tell you what happens. When you’re gone, they tell me to fuck off at your funeral, then go be best buddies forever without me.”

Dad took a deep breath. “Mind your language.”

Pauline crossed her arms. “I’ll say whatever I fucking please. And why are you on my case? You know what it is with them. They got their butts spanked growing up, and I didn’t. So now they want to be butt-hurt about it forever. ‘Oh, woe is me, I got my heinie whooped, but Pauline never did!’ I’m just the favored child to them!”

Dad shook his head. “You mean from when they were kids? I don’t believe it. We stopped spanking them when they got to be too old for it, same as you.”

“Here’s a test: How old was Liz, the last time she got spanked?”

“I dunno. Probably ten or eleven? I remember Annie got her last spanking at age ten.”

“Liz was *twelve years old* when she got her last spanking, for saying ‘fuck’ in front of you.”

Dad’s nostrils flared, before he nodded slowly. “Sounds about right. Liz was kind of a handful at that age.”

Pauline tapped the table. “Yeah, but the point is, I know that Liz got her last spanking at age twelve, because every single time an argument comes up, she helpfully reminds me of that fucking fact: how my ass magically escaped spanking…”

Then Pauline rolled her eyes, and imitated a whiny child’s voice. “‘Oooh, but, Daddy! Pauline never, *ever* got spanked!’ Don’t tell me you don’t remember all their attempts to get me spanked on purpose.”

Dad sighed, rubbing his temple. “Okay, okay. I agree they’ve done plenty of mean things to you, over the years. And you’ve done plenty of mean things, right back. And what about today? Did you pick on them? Did you mock Annie’s pain, or didn’t you?”

“That’s another thing. It’s so like little orphan Annie to rat me out. She’s turning you against me.”

“I am not against you, Polly. I am for all three of you. Stop feeling sorry for yourself, and try to–”

Pauline scooped up her Nintendo Switch, and dramatically turned it on, before plugging in her headphones.

Dad pulled the headphones out of the jack. “Put that thing away. I am talking to you.”

“Whatever, I’m talking to a fucking brick wall.”

“Pauline. Do not use that language in front of me. I raised you girls better than that. If you ever used that word as a child, I’d have spanked your little bottom, right then and there.”

Pauline tried to snatch her headphones back from her Dad, but his grip on them was unbreakable. “Yeah, well, that was then, and this is now. Now I’m a fucking adult, so it’s too late. If you wanted to spank me, you should have done it when I was still–”

Dad tugged the headphones away sharply. “If you use the f-word one more time, I *will* spank you. Right now.”

Pauline froze. “But…that’s ridiculous! I’m twenty-one years old. I’m too old for…”

Pauline faltered as she remembered the recurring line from the many spanking stories she had consumed.

Some bratty protagonist would whine, “But I’m *too old* for a spanking!”

Followed swiftly by the authoritative antagonist declaring, “You are *never* too old for a spanking!”

It was that kind of cheesy dialogue that she found most absurd. After all, in real life, she knew she was, indeed, too old for a spanking. Maybe there were times in history, a hundred years ago or so, when kids got spanked well into their teenage years, or even adulthood.

And as Pauline looked into her father’s eyes, she simultaneously felt deep shame…and deep curiosity. What, exactly, would happen, if she said the wrong thing, at this critical moment?

Her stomach churning, Pauline affected her most confident smile. “Are you *fucking* kidding me? I’m *too old* for a spanking.”

Pauline tensed as her father stood, towering over her, and gripped her arm. Then he took a shaky breath. "...No. I am *not* going to hit you. Just go to your room. I'm not talking to you while you're like this."

Pauline curled and uncurled her toes under the table. "That's it? No spanking? I knew you were bluffing."

"Don't test me, Pauline. Just go to your room."

Still feeling her spine tingle, Pauline giggled, and stood up to go to her room. It was a stupid idea. Once Dad had cooled down, she would have to apologize…but she couldn't resist one last little joke, twisting on her seat to pat her own bottom. "Or what? You gonna *spank* me?"

"Yes. I *am* going to spank you, Pauline. Your Mom was right. You weren't too old for it at thirteen. And if you act this way, you aren't too old for it now. I made a mistake, and I'm going to rectify it, starting today."

Pauline paused, in the middle of the act of standing up, and looked at her Dad. He was clearly livid. In Pauline's wild imagination, where she was usually some bratty princess who was being rescued by some hapless knight in shining armor, she usually would torment her would-be rescuer to the point he grabbed her by the hair and hauled her over his knee for the spanking of her life. She had half-excepted something along those lines. But this was different. Dad was clearly, perfectly controlling the urge to do just that, at this very moment. And somehow, the display of self-control was even scarier than the thought of him losing control.

"Oh, fuck!" thought Pauline.

"Y-you're kidding, right? I'm a legal adult! I can do what I want!"

"Then you can go. You want to live by your own rules? Do whatever you want? Then leave my house. Go back to college. And don't bother to come back."

Pauline felt her whole body start to tremble, tears sprang to her eyes. "You're…kicking me out? Please, Daddy, don't do this to me! I was only joking!"

"Well I'm *not* joking. You will not behave this way under my roof. If you want to spend one more night in this house, then you are going to bend over and take the bare-butt whoopin' you have coming. Now, what will it be?"

Pauline sank onto her knees. It felt like the whole world was falling apart around her. "Please, Daddy, please. I was being stupid. I *know* I was being stupid. I'll do better. Please, this family is all I have. I'll do anything. I…"

Pauline felt her throat go dry, and she felt the words she knew she needed to say come to her lips of their own accord. "...I'll take the spanking. Just please, don't cast me out."

As tears sprang to her eyes, she bowed her head, clutching her father's pant leg. "Spank me if you have to, but please forgive me!"

"...Then march straight to your room, and wait for me."

Pauline sniffled, and felt her breath shaking as she tried to keep her cool. "You…you mean it? I'm getting a spanking, but you're not disowning me?"

"You're not just getting *a* spanking, Pauline. You are getting *the spanking of your life*, and it will all be on your bare bottom. I'm going to take a walk to cool off, so I don't spank you too hard in anger. And when I come up to your room, I expect you to be ready to take your spanking. That means I want you to undress, and lie down on your bed, across a pillow. That's how Liz got her last spanking, so that's exactly how you're getting it. The first thing I want to see when I walk in the door is your bare buttocks, poking up nice and high in the air, waiting for me. Got it?"

Pauline's head started to spin. Once, she had tried to convince a boy at college to spank her, only to find him painfully slow on the uptake.

Over the years, she'd accidentally overheard many a "spanking story" conversation, where friends and family shared painful experiences of their painful spankings in painful detail. All of this was made worse by her secret fascination with the subject. She had no reason to believe her Dad had any interest in spanking other than as an unfortunate but necessary tool of parental discipline. But his cavalier description of her bare bottom was making her dizzy. This was too much, even in her wildest dreams.

But as Pauline looked at her Dad, she felt only love, mixed with relief, mixed with fear. He was only doing this because he cared about her, and because she had forced him to this point. "Yes, sir. I will obey."

Dad threw on his thin jacket. "And take that stupid video game system with you. We're going to have a little chat about your gaming habit too, as part of your spanking."

Pauline froze, and doubled back to grab her Nintendo Switch. A little chat? What could that mean? Pauline's imagination started conjuring up all sorts of potential torments. Would her Dad spank her with the Nintendo Switch, as a sort of cruel, poetic irony: *"I'll take a switch to you!"*

Or would he delete every single one of her save files in front of her, as she pleaded to no avail? Maybe he'd do both and spank her until the Nintendo Switch snapped in two across her defenseless backside.

As Pauline arrived in her childhood bedroom, it suddenly seemed brand new to her. It was as though…nothing had changed, since her days in high school, when she'd started acting out just to get attention. Pauline glanced at herself in the mirror. She was wearing a black skirt, with a designer shirt. As she felt herself sweating profusely, Pauline ripped off her shirt, hoping to cool off. She lifted her skirt, and remembered she was wearing some name brand Spanx underneath today…an omen if she'd ever seen one. She thought about jokingly calling attention to her Spanx when Dad came, only to vividly recall his instructions, word for word. She was expected to wait for him, bare bottomed.

As Pauline slowly removed her panties, she suddenly felt exposed to the chill air in the room. Had he meant for her to strip naked? Surely, he didn't mean she should take off her bra, did he? Pauline glanced down, and suddenly remembered she didn't bother to put on a bra this morning. Of course! It was spring break. Who cared if she lounged around in nothing but comfy clothes today?

In the end, Pauline couldn't bring herself to remove her skirt and shoes. They didn't cover anything important, but she had a strange feeling she would be too naked without them.

Pauline opened her dresser, wondering if she should put on a bra. Then, she second guessed herself and closed it. Would that be disobeying? Dad had sent her to get undressed, after all, not get dressed. Spotting a bowl of Tootsie Pops on her dresser, Pauline snatched one and started sucking on it like a pacifier, momentarily forgetting to unwrap it.

As she chewed nervously on the sucker, she slowly approached her bed, and lay across it. Then she grabbed a pillow to prop up her bottom to the correct angle…poking nice and high in the air. As she settled down onto the mattress, she found herself strangely relieved. She was obeying her fathers's instructions, to the letter. If he wanted her to remove her skirt and socks, she knew he would tell her to do so, just as she knew she would obey.

All thoughts of being a brat were gone.

She had wanted a spanking, and she was going to get one. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad? Maybe Dad would cool off on his walk, and decide a simple, childish spanking was enough to make the point. Maybe she would cry a little, and finally get to sit on his lap and shed the rest of her tears on his shoulder, just like how it went in her favorite stories. Or maybe she'd take it like a champ, and Dad would conclude that, after all, she was a bit too old for spanking to be effective.

Worst of all, Pauline realized she had no idea. This was entirely new territory. Was this a dream? Or a nightmare? As she spotted her Nintendo Switch, Pauline grabbed it. At least she could play *Legend of Zelda* one more time, running around as the noble hero Link, the non-titular protagonist of the Zelda games, before the world came to an end.

Pauline sighed with relief as she browsed through the sneaky photos she had taken in the fictional world of the video game. She liked to pretend that the chivalrous Link was as much of a voyeur as she was. Imagining herself as Link, Pauline enjoyed travelling across the world of Hyrule, snapping secret close-up pictures of all the unsuspecting butts they came across, both men and women. Pauline knew she was a pervert, but at least she was an equal opportunity pervert!

As Pauline browsed through her collection of cheeky photos, she pictured herself, as Princess Zelda, being spanked, soundly, by Link. It was finally time for her dream to become reality.

This would definitely hurt, but at least it would all be over soon.

Then Pauline heard her door creak open behind her. Pauline quickly exited from her album of Zelda-character booty shots, and turned to face her dad, trying to look casual.

But instead, she spotted Liz and Annie frozen in the doorframe, their eyes popping. “Huh? Sis?” said Annie, her blond pigtails practically standing on end.

Liz blinked. “...Why are you naked?”

Pauline almost swallowed her Tootsie-pop whole. Then she quickly turned away and pretended to play her game, as if nothing was out of the usual. “Oh? Daddy said he’s going to spank me on my bare buttocks. He told me to wait for him, just like this.”

Liz rubbed her eyes. “But…Daddy’s never spanked you before.”

Annie hummed, stroking her chin. “Yeah, and you’re too old to spank now.”

“Oh no she isn’t,” said Dad, as he appeared behind his two younger daughters. At that exact moment, a powerful enemy appeared in Pauline’s video game, accompanied by a haunting melody that spoke of danger.

Liz and Annie stiffened, covering their bottoms as they spun on their heels. Liz chuckled, unable to hide her nerves. “Daddy? …Ha ha! You sure fooled us. Whose idea was it to have Pauline undress?”

Dad shook his head, and strolled past Liz and Annie. “It’s not a joke, Liz. Pauline? Put that thing away.”

On Pauline’s video game screen, the enemy had just blasted Link with a giant laser beam, sending the hero of Hyrule flying into the air, in a ball of fire. Taking a deep breath, Pauline quickly paused the game, and turned to face her family, trying to hide just how mortified she felt behind a poker face. “Yes, sir.”

“Good. Now, tell your sisters exactly why you’re getting spanked today.”

Pauline felt her chest tighten, and exhaled sharply, but managed to pass it off as a casual sigh. “Isn’t it obvious? It’s because I was a bad girl today.”

“None of that. You’ve made your bed, and now you’re going to lie in it…or on top of it, rather. This is your last chance to fix your attitude, before I fix it for you. Tell Liz and Annie what you did to earn this spanking. Be specific.”

Pauline flinched, feeling the disapproval in her father’s words more keenly than she would have felt any blow (or so she guessed, having never been spanked before). “Yes sir…Um, I used the f-word?”

Liz and Annie gasped.

Dad didn’t take his eyes off Pauline. “That’s one reason why. What else did you do wrong?”

“Um, well I swore at you…and I was an overall jerk to you?”

“Correct. That language was bad enough to earn Liz or Annie an instant spanking back in the day. But you were also disrespectful, and deliberately disobedient. Which is why you’re getting this spanking right on your bare bottom, and right from the start. Liz? Annie? I want to make sure you understand something. Pauline is here because she made a series of choices. She made some very poor choices today, but once I made it clear her behavior was unacceptable, and that she could either accept a spanking, or leave, Pauline chose to take the spanking. Isn’t that right, Pauline?”

Pauline hunched her shoulders. “Yes, sir…Please, don’t abandon me…”

As she felt the bedsprings creak, Pauline turned to see her Dad had sat down beside her, and was patting her shoulder. “There, there…I’m not going to kick you out. But there are going to be some changes around here. I love you, Pauline, and because I love you, I have to spank you. Do you understand why I have to do this?”

Trembling with relief, Pauline nodded. At the same time, she knew a spanking would hurt, but imagining just how bad it would hurt was driving her mad. “Yes, Daddy.”

Dad patted her back, then wrapped his left arm around her waist, pinning her securely in place. “Very good…In that case, Lizzie, Annie, pay close attention. I want you to witness the entirety of Pauline’s spanking, from beginning to end.”

Pauline’s pupils shrunk to the size of pin pricks. “You’re gonna let them watch? But–”

Dad landed a single firm clap across the center of Pauline's bottom. At the moment of impact, Pauline dropped her lollipop in surprise.

Pauline gasped, more surprised by the force than she was hurt…at first. Then she felt a clear impression of her Dad's handprint, as if it was being tattooed across her backside.

Shaking his head, Dad scooped up the wet lollipop and deposited it on the side table. "No more back talk, Polly. I want Liz and Annie to know what they get if they ever misbehave the way you have today."

Liz's face went pale. "What *we* get? But…we're too old to get spanked!"

"Nonsense. If Pauline isn't too old for a spanking, then neither are you."

Annie's lip quivered. "But…you haven't spanked me since I was ten years old! And you said I was too old for it when I turned thirteen."

"Back then, I was operating under an incorrect premise. There's no arbitrary date where you're magically too old to need guidance and discipline. Now, I think all three of you are really good girls, at heart. There have been a few days I've been tempted to take you across my knee, but you've never pushed me to the point where I had no choice. You may never need another spanking, but the point is, the day you are too old for a spanking is the day you decide to act like it. Now, as for you, Pauline…"

Dad patted Pauline's bottom experimentally. "...I'm going to spank you for each mistake you made today, one at a time. That way, you'll understand exactly what punishment to expect in the future, for each offense. I think you've earned three separate spankings today, at least."

For the first time in her life, Pauline sensed how small her plump, bountiful buttocks felt in contrast to her father's huge, hefty right hand. And now she was feeling *precisely* how badly one spank from Daddy could sting. "Th-three spanks? All as bad as that one?"

Dad chuckled. "Three spanks? Oh, Pauline, bless your little head. You get one swat for every birthday you've had…um, are you twenty already, Pauline?"

"She's twenty one," said Liz.

Pauline twisted, and to her horror, noticed the satisfied expressions on Liz and Annie's faces, as Dad did some quick math in his head. "Yes…so twenty-one smacks equals one spanking. And Pauline has three coming today, so that's sixty-three total. Assuming she doesn't earn any extra spanks."

Pauline's brain tried to calculate how bad that sounded, only to come up with a Windows blue-screen error message. "Sixty…three…"

“Oh, plus one to grow on. So that’s sixty-four. Fitting number for my little Nintendo gamer girl.”

Pauline blinked. She had a dim memory of hearing that peculiar phrase the last time she witnessed Mom and Dad spanking Annie and Lizzie in the living room. “One to grow on?”

“Shouldn’t you give her ‘one to grow’ on for each separate spanking? So, sixty-six, total?” said Liz.

Annie snickered, then did her best impression of Emperor Palpatine. “Ooh, that sounds fun. Execute order Sixty-six!”

Dad silenced both of the younger sisters with a single look. “If I didn’t know better, I’d think you were trying to get your sister into more trouble. This is Pauline’s first-ever spanking. I think Sixty-four spanks is more than enough to teach her a lesson. If you disagree, I could always give you both the same, and then you can tell me if you think you need two more swats. Care to test that theory?”

Liz and Annie shook their heads, both answering at once. “No, sir!”

“Then reason prevails. Now, Pauline, your *first* spanking will be for using the f-word. Try your best to lie still, and think about why you need to control your tongue.”

As she saw her Dad raise his mighty hand high into the air, Pauline shook her head. “Oh, no! Not ready! Can’t we talk this–”

As Dad slammed his palm down firmly across Pauline’s lower left buttock, her final word trailed off into a cry. “–Oooowwwwuh!”

Immediately, Dad aimed a second clap to her lower right buttock, just as she began to register the first wave of pain. This time, Pauline was forced to suck in a shaky breath. “Agh…gah!”

Pauline twisted her hips, wanting to dive off the bed and throw herself out the window. But Daddy kept her gripped securely against his waist, before delivering the third smack to the center of her lower bottom, just as she bucked her hips up high in her futile attempt to escape. “Hold still!”

The force of the third swat forced Pauline forward, her face sinking into the mattress. She took a shaky breath and kicked her legs. “Eeeheee!”

Dad landed four spanks, in two sets of two. Right and left, then right and left. Pauline bucked twice, then covered her bottom with her feet. “Fuuuhuuuhh! Huh!”

Casually, Dad brushed Pauline's feet away from her bottom. "Pauline, if you say the f-word again, I'm starting over from the beginning. Catch your breath, then put your feet down."

Pauline shook her head, and snapped her feet back up to shield her bottom. "It *hurts!"*

"A spanking *needs* to hurt, Pauline. But you can do this. Try to stick out your bottom. It actually helps a lot."

"I'm sorry for swearing! Isn't it enough that I'm sorry?"

"No, Pauline. It's not enough to just say you're sorry. You said you would do anything to prove you were really sorry, including taking a spanking. Now it's time to follow through. Be a brave girl."

Pauline rubbed her feet together, pressing them tight against her exposed behind. "I can't do it! I'm not brave enough!"

Dad patted Pauline's bottom gently, stroking her to nudge away her trembling feet. "I know you're brave enough to get through this, Pauline. Do you remember how you used to get scared of that one spider-boss in your video game, and came running to the kitchen, screaming a spider was going to kill you? But then, I showed you how to beat it, and you did it all by yourself. A spanking is just like that. It's a battle. You're so scared of the spanking, you're not thinking straight. Now, try again. Take a deep breath first, then put your weight on your feet."

Liz snorted. "Yeah, Polly. Like you're a warrior taking a fighting stance. You're looking fierce."

Annie bobbed her head. "Man, last time I got spanked, you started over from the beginning to teach me not to squirm."

As she forced herself to lower her feet, Pauline felt two tears streaming down her burning, red cheeks. She stuck her bottom up, waiting for the torture to begin again. She found the pain across her backside fighting for her attention against the feeling of humiliation churning in her stomach, and found that she couldn't decide which was worse. But at least the spanking might help her block out her sister's jeering. But Dad didn't begin the spanking right away.

"Elizabeth Wunder. Anne Wunder. That is enough. I asked you to be here because I want you to understand what's in store for *all three* of you. Annie, you're correct. When you were ten, I *did indeed* start your last spanking over from the beginning last time, because you wouldn't stop squirming. Want to see how easy it is to take a spanking, at age eighteen?"

Anne's smile disappeared. "Um…no, please?"

"Elizabeth, I seem to recall you ran away from plenty of spankings. Remember when you tried to hide in the bathroom all day, even at age twelve?"

Liz swallowed, then set her jaw. “Well…I was a lot younger back then. And you gave me extras for that. Why are you taking it so easy on Pauline?”

“Because Pauline has never been spanked before, so I have to teach her how to take a spanking. Which is exactly how we treated you when you got your first few spankings. Do you think I need to go harder on Pauline than I did on you?”

Liz pouted. “Well, no, but you went way harder on me back then. Pauline never got spanked when she was my age.”

“Because Pauline didn’t earn a spanking back then. She earned her first spanking today, and she is getting her first spanking today. Fair is fair. Think carefully. Do you think I’m spoiling Pauline, at this very moment?”

“Um…no? I’m sorry, Dad.”

“Tell it to Pauline.”

Pauline glanced around her shoulder, and saw Liz and Annie hanging their heads. Liz groaned softly. “I’m sorry, Pauline.”

Anne blinked. “Yeah, me too. I forgot how much it sucks to get spanked.”

Dad nodded. “That’s better. Pauline was brave enough to ask for a spanking. She does not deserve to be teased. You two think hard on that, while I deal with your sister. Pauline? Liz is right about one thing. If she or Annie acted squirrelly in the middle of a spanking, I’d start their spanking over from the beginning. Because you’ve never been spanked before, I’m being lenient with you, just this once. So we’ll start with number…shoot, what was I up to? It completely slipped my mind.”

Annie raised her hand, trembling. “Excuse me? I think you gave her eight so far.”

Pauline shook her head. “No…it was only seven.”

“Was it? Ah, yes, the first one was just a warning shot, to get your attention. Thank you for your honesty, Pauline. In that case, you’ve got fourteen to go. To finish up spanking number one, at least. Now, take a deep breath, and repeat after me: ‘I am ready for my spanking, sir.’”

Pauline felt her legs trembling, before she caught sight of the heroic image decorating her Nintendo Switch. She knew she had to be brave, like her hero, Link. “Sniff…I am ready for my spanking, sir.”

Dad began to deliver sturdy spanks in a steady rhythm, leaving less than a second between each. Pauline squeaked as she felt the first, then steadied herself on the balls of her feet. She quickly lost count. Strangely, she found herself more alert to the feeling of each spank, yet somehow less aware of the pain itself. As Dad finished the final spank, Pauline held her bottom high in the air, before her knees buckled and she collapsed back onto her bed.

Dad grunted with approval, flexing his hand to relieve the sting, then stood and switched sides, wrapping his right arm around Pauline's waist. "Much better. You're getting the hang of it already. Next, I think I'll switch to my left hand, to even out the color a bit better. This second spanking is for being disrespectful. But first…I'd like you to turn on that video game of yours."

Pauline's eyes fluttered open. "Huh?"

"You heard me. Keep playing your video game. I want you to pick up right where you left off."

"But why? I was just getting my butt…" Pauline suddenly noticed the photo album of illicit booty shots hidden in the pause menu and quickly navigated to the main game. "...Uh, getting my butt handed to me by a guardian. Aren't you going to spank me?"

"Of course I am. But I didn't like how you were playing that game while I was trying to talk to you. So, you're going to play that game until I finish your spanking. If you get a game over, I'm starting the spanking over. Begin."

"What? But–"

The moment that Dad landed the first spank, Pauline accidentally unpaused the game, and Link went crashing into a tree, before rolling off a cliff, with the enemy hot on his tail. "Keep fighting, Pauline. Hyrule is counting on you," said Dad, before landing the second spank.

Pauline dropped her Nintendo, desperately reaching back to hold her buttocks, only for her to find Dad's arm obstructing her. Pauline (and Link) both screamed at once. "Kiyaaah!"

Ignoring Pauline's hand, Dad landed a third spank, aimed low and center. "Focus, Pauline."

Pauline heard the sound effect that alerted her that another enemy attack was coming, and instinctively grabbed her Nintendo, before the fourth spank distracted her. "Agh! I can't! You're spanking me!"

"Oh? Too bad. Guess Princess Zelda is toast, along with your backside."

As Pauline howled in protest, an explosion sent Link flying into the air. "Okay! I get it! No video games while you're talking! Just finish my spanking!"

“The spanking doesn’t end until you beat that enemy. I don’t care about the count for this one. So if you don’t want extras, you’d better get to fighting. Sounds like Link’s on the ropes.”

Pauline snatched up her Nintendo, taking sharp breaths to focus on the screen. She’d beaten the game so many times, the challenge had gone out of it, even against the most difficult enemies. But the spanking added a fresh challenge. After nearly getting a game over, Pauline deflected a laser blast with perfect timing, defeating the enemy. As the victory music played, Pauline waved the Nintendo above her head to show her dad. “Ok! I got him! Fight’s over! I won!”

“And how many spanks do I still have to give you?”

Pauline froze. “I…dunno? I couldn’t keep count.”

“Then do I have to start over, to remind you not to play video games when I need to have your full attention?”

Pauline curled, then uncurled, her toes. “I’m sorry, Daddy. I’ll remember to listen to you. If you have to start over…I understand.”

“Hmm…I believe you. As it happens, I was keeping count, and I gave you exactly twenty-one spanks. So we can end spanking number two at that.”

Pauline sighed with relief. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Dad patted Pauline’s bottom, then stood up. “Don’t thank me yet. This last spanking is for your deliberate disobedience. And that’s more serious than a little hand spanking. For this last spanking…”

Pauline heard a click, followed by a strange snicking sound, and twisted to see her dad pulling his leather belt out from the loops of his jeans. “...I’ll be introducing you to my belt. Mom always used to give your sisters a hairbrush spanking for deliberate disobedience. I was a bit more of a play-it-by-ear type when it came to spanking, but I’ll be carrying on your Mom’s rule. It’s one thing to break a rule by mistake, or forget to not swear. But willfulness earns you an extra spanking with an implement. A hairbrush, my belt, whatever is to hand. Hopefully you don’t earn enough spankings to compare them all.”

Pauline clenched her buttocks tight. “Your belt? But, that’s like… using a horse whip from the days of cowboys, or something.”

Dad folded his belt in half and cracked it. “It’s not gonna kill ya…It’s just going to sting like mad…Here…”

Dad pulled a rose pink belt from Pauline's closet, and laid it in front of her. "Try biting down on that, if you need to. Or just grit your teeth. I don't want you to bite your tongue by mistake."

Pauline shivered at the mental picture of biting her own tongue, then experimentally bit down on her belt. "Please, Daddy…this is too much…can't you just use your hand?"

Gently, Dad guided Pauline forward, so that she was lying on her stomach along the bed. "No. This is exactly what you need. And I can spank you plenty more with just my hand, if that's what you want. But if you want to get this over with, you just need to do the same thing you've already been doing. I'll let you lie down this time. Grip the edge of the bed, take deep breaths, and think about what you did wrong. There, just like that."

As Dad slowly glided the belt across her behind, Pauline tried to mumble an apology past the belt clenched between her teeth. "Ahm'sowreee…"

"I know you are. But you're about to be even sorrier, and even sorer." With that, Dad delivered the first stroke of the belt with a snap. Pauline arched her back, and sank her teeth deep into the leather. "Mmmph!"

Dad pressed against the small of Pauline's back, with gentle force. "Good job taking the first stroke, Pauline. Hang in there."

Dad delivered the last twenty smacks very slowly, giving Pauline plenty of time to process her situation. To Pauline's surprise, after she forced herself to ignore her fear of the belt, the actual pain wasn't much worse than the earlier hand spanking. The belt was far stingier, like it was biting into her booty, but on the other hand, it somehow felt less heavy compared to Daddy's huge hands.

Every stroke of the belt became a miniature passion play. Pauline had ample time to anticipate each one, before it finally landed. Then she had time to seethe and squirm, before settling back into place, mentally accepting each and every one. She tried to silently keep count, but after six or seven strokes, she lost her place, and found herself weeping freely, and reflecting on the same few thoughts, over and over: *"I'm a bad girl. I'm a selfish, spoiled little girl. I don't deserve Daddy. I only deserve this spanking. I need this spanking. Oh, God! But it hurts!"*

Then her thoughts faded into an infinite blackness, interrupted by shining stars. Finally, she heard her dad's voice as if it was echoing across the heavens to reach her. "There. That's twenty one. Spanking is all over. Good girl, Pauline. You took your licks like a champ."

As she felt Dad hugging her, Pauline sank into his embrace, and sobbed freely. Only when she pulled away long enough to kiss him did she suddenly remember her state of undress, suddenly sheepish. "Um…should I get dressed?"

Dad nodded, before helping Pauline stand on her fet, and spinning her around. “Sure…*After* you finish your time out. Stand in the corner for twenty minutes.”

With that, he delivered a playful slap across her rump, and guided her to stand against the wall. “And one to grow on. That’s sixty-four total, for my little Nintendo 64 Gamer Girl. Here, keep this sheet of paper pressed against the wall with your nose. That will help you stay focused. I’m just gonna order Chinese takeout. But if you leave timeout before time is up, you’ll get another spanking.”

Annie played with the hem of her skirt. “But…how will you know if she leaves her time in…uh–”

Immediately, Liz nudged Annie and jumped into the conversation. “–Time out? We can keep an eye on her for you. We won’t bug her. Just want to be here for Pauline as she…goes through this trying time.”

Pauline shivered. Something about the controlled, mature quality of Liz’s offer made her nervous. There wasn’t a hint of amusement or teasing in Liz’s voice…and that only made it seem more suspicious.

Dad looked Liz and Annie over, before sighing. “Very well. I think it’d be good for you girls to have some time together. Pauline, you may speak while in timeout. See if you can have a more productive conversation with your sisters now. And as for you two…be supportive. Remember, your sister is in pain.”

Dad marched out of the room, leaving the door ajar behind him.

As she felt the piece of paper slip slightly against the end of her nose, Pauline swallowed a lump in her throat. “...So, now that I’ve finally gotten a spanking…we’re good, right? All is forgiven?”

Annie giggled as she leaned against the wall on Pauline’s left side. “Ya know, this reminds me of something we were talking about earlier…pain isn’t funny.”

Liz casually strolled to Pauline’s right side, then fiddled with the corner of the paper with her index finger. “Yeah. Pain isn’t funny…so long as it’s happening to me.”

[The End?]